

# THE MUSICAL WORLD,

A WEEKLY RECORD OF

**Musical Science, Literature, and Intelligence,**

To know the cause why music was ordained ;  
Was it not to refresh the mind of man,  
After his studies or his usual pain ?  
Then give me leave to read philosophy,  
And, while I pause, serve in your harmony.

TAMING OF THE SHREW.

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[The writers of the Leading Articles are not answerable for any opinions expressed in the subsequent pages of "The Musical World."]

## CHARACTERISTICS OF BEETHOVEN.

By HENRY JOHN GAUNTLETT.

(Continued from page 58.)

WHEN the Viennese publisher of Mozart's second set of quartetts forwarded a copy to Italy, it was returned upon his hands. The novel forms of expression, phrases of the melody, and disposition of the harmonies, were imagined to be the blunders of the engraver. A similar feeling appears to have influenced Burney's judgment on the styles of Bach and Haydn. The reason is obvious. The compositions of these pillars of harmony were at variance with all his pre-conceived notions, as well of regularity of design and construction, as of beauty of melody and expression; and resembled, in his eyes, the wild and monstrous associations of an oriental tale. Under the sanction of authority, this opinion was continued until a late period; and we recollect that excellent musician, and truly amiable man, the late Mr. Jacob, relating an anecdote respecting a well-known composer of the present day, with reference to the subject. Mr. Jacob was present at one of the musical lectures of the gentleman referred to, and was not a little surprized to hear a repetition of the opinions of Burney respecting Bach and Mozart. Jacob, through his intimacy with Wesley and Latrobe, was well versed in the writings of Bach, and immediately afterwards sent the lecturer a copy of the five-part pedal fugue in E $\flat$ , one of Bach's most melodious and varied specimens of contrapuntal writings; and a full score of the Zauberflöte. The fugue is composed on a *canto fermo*, containing the notes of the first line of the corale incorrectly attributed to Croft. They were returned with a suitable acknowledgment of the delight experienced in their perusal, and doubly so, as they were novelties with which the lecturer had not previously been acquainted. In justice to the individual alluded to, Mr. Jacob was

accustomed invariably to add, that he was peculiarly gratified at the next lecture, by the production of the fugue of Bach, performed in a masterly style; and both its composer and Mozart spoken of in a very different style of commendation. But at the period alluded to, 'Don Juan' had never been produced in this country; and the Requiem was a sealed book to our native professors. As all intellectual energy appears to be suspended in the conduct and direction of the Ancient Concerts, it is hopeless to expect the introduction of Bach's vocal compositions in that quarter. The musical public now look to the professor to whom is committed the getting up of most of the great Festivals. Does Sir George Smart know Sebastian Bach as a mass, motett, and oratorio composer? If so, we trust we may assure our readers that the amateurs of the Metropolis will soon have an opportunity of hearing him in that character. It would seem that many of the works of Beethoven occupy the precise station in the estimation of the musical public, which the compositions alluded to did at the commencement of the present century. We are at liberty to presume this, from several circumstances. The continued refusal of the Philharmonic Society to bring forward the last great instrumental work of Beethoven, the *Sinfonia caractéristique*, is one; for although the expense attending the presence of a sufficient number of coralists, and some dozen additional contra-bassi, may be somewhat appalling to the nerves of the Directors, and the difficulty of erecting an orchestra sufficiently roomy to occupy them unsurmountable, still it might be imagined that parts of the sinfonia could be produced, to gratify the earnest wishes of the subscribers. The first movement, and the andante in B $\flat$ , followed by the finale of No. 2, would form a glorious symphony, and certainly not entail any expense or inconvenience on the Society; while such a performance would prepare those to whom its entire length might prove wearisome, to enter into and enjoy its innumerable beauties, without that continued stretch of attention which the composition would otherwise require. Again, when we find so celebrated and universally respected a musician as Dr. Crotch, devoting whole pages to the soundest and most acute observations on the respective styles of Purcell, Bach, and Handel, and yet contenting himself with the character of Beethoven and his writings in the following sentence, may it not be inferred that a cloud still obscures the reputation of this eminent composer? The learned Professor observes: "The piano-forte music of Beethoven, when it does not abound with difficulties of execution, is original and masterly, frequently sublime. His sinfonias are wonderful productions. That he has disregarded the rules of composition is to be regretted, as there does not seem to have been the least good obtained by it in any one instance. His overtures are extremely fine, and deserving of study; but his chorusses, although frequently mag-

nificent, are seldom sublime." We continue a quotation from the same work, but in reference to another composer. "Who has equalled him in the pathetic? who has such forcible expression? His facility of writing in the most learned and intricate styles is extraordinary. He is sometimes artless and simple; but his works abound with harmonies of the most complex and difficult construction, even when he does not seem conscious of manifesting any uncommon powers. But where the nature of the subject and of the words demand a display of his gigantic strength, he amazes us, and surpasses all his rivals. His style is quite original: whatever flows from his pen is quite peculiar to himself; no one had anticipated it—few succeeded in imitating it. His music is often 'rich and strange,' but never vulgar. Had he no defects? Yes,—such as Milton had. *The mind that at all comprehends him, is kept continually on the stretch. It is a strong sight that can take in his designs; he is often incomprehensible—the summit of the mountain is hid in clouds.* His sublimity is seldom of the pure and simple kind, but vast and complicated. His melodies are often fascinating and bewitching, yet not eminently vocal and beautiful. The subjects of his fugues in his sonatas are abruptly quitted, and exchanged for others."

Every musician doubtless fully coincides in the sentiments conveyed in this beautiful criticism on Henry Purcell; and by those who have studied the works of Beethoven, to them the whole of it might with equal propriety be applied. In a recent publication, the clever production of Mr. Hogarth, we again find the later compositions of Beethoven reviewed,—although in a very good spirit, still not quite consistent with our notions of justice. Mr. Hogarth writes: "The works composed by Beethoven in the latter years of his life, are not so generally known or relished as his earlier productions. In his more recent works, his meaning is obscure, and in many instances incomprehensible. He has cast away all established models, and not only thrown his movements into new and unprecedented forms, but has introduced the same degree of novelty into all their details. The phrases of his melody are new; his harmonies are new; his disposition of parts is new; and his sudden changes of time, of measure, and of key, are frequently not explicable on any received principles of the art. But in those which appear the most extravagant and incomprehensible, in which we can neither discover a regular form, nor an intelligible design, and which contain phrases and passages which convey no ideas of melody or harmony, we are ever and anon enchanted with melody and harmony of the purest, simplest, and most exquisite kind; and we regret that so much beauty should be mingled with what we cannot help feeling to be actual deformity. His posthumous Mass has hardly

ever, we believe, been attempted; nor indeed has any one been able to comprehend its meaning."

In quoting Mr. Hogarth's language in reference to what were formerly termed the novel and heterodox inventions of Haydn and Mozart—"Wherever, however, these pieces were really performed, they were instantly understood"—it need only be remarked, that whenever the time shall come that Beethoven's *Sinfonia caractéristique*, and his *Missa* for eight voices, shall be really and properly performed, the same result must inevitably follow.

The performances of Messrs. Blagrove, Gattie, Dando, Guynemer, Lucas, and Howell, at the Quartett Concerts, have effected much in diffusing a knowledge of the six grand posthumous quartetts with which the composer closed his labours. We consider Op. 132, 133, and 135, admirable specimens of the utmost regularity of design and construction. It is, however, contemplated to analyze the first movement of the *Sinfonia caractéristique*, as being really the most perfect specimen with which we are acquainted, of symmetrical arrangement, natural succession of ideas, continuity of thought, and perfect cleverness of modulation—in short, the whole movement may be said to grow out of those five bars in unison, which announce the first subject. With regard to the *Missa* for eight voices, at present we have only to request our readers to refer to that part of the Credo, which commences at the words, "Et ascendit in cælum, sedet ad dexteram patris, et iterum venturus est cum gloria judicare vivos et mortuos." If their expression be not characterized by inspiration and sublimity in musical composition, we must be content to resign our present opinion of Beethoven, and to suppose that although he could occasionally delight his audience by some intermittent flashes of genius, yet that mists and clouds almost perpetually obscured the natural light of his imagination.

To advance any certain rules for the construction of a musical composition, would be worse than useless. It has been attempted in reference to the ecclesiastical style peculiar to this country; and the result is that the genuine school has given up the ghost, and its spectre alone walks abroad, to frighten rather than attract. It is not for us to unfold the magic process by which master spirits effect "the knitting of the God-like to matter." We rest contented with the endeavour to diffuse a clearer knowledge and more just appreciation of their inventions. Music, like poetry, if confined within the limits of arbitrary rules, loses the spirit of invention which ought always to animate it. "It is," in the quaint language of Temple, "as if, to make excellent honey you should cut off the wings of your bees, confine them to their hive or their stands, and lay flowers before them, such as you think the sweetest, and like to yield the finest extraction: you had as good pull out their stings, and make arrant drones of them. They must range

through fields as well as gardens, chuse such flowers as they please, and by proprieties and sweets they only know and distinguish; they must work up their cells with admirable art, extract their honey with infinite labour, and sever it from the wax with such distinction and choice as belongs to none but themselves to perform or judge."

The critic may advance principles and theories, which genius has, in his opinion confirmed, and possibly the composer may not have recognized such principles operating on his mind, during the fervour of conception, and yet may afterwards readily admit the truth of the theorist's premises. An instance of the kind occurred in Zelter's criticisms on the *Creation*, and Haydn's admissions of their truth and correctness. The compositions of Beethoven, however, are so perfectly new and original in themselves—so independent of the shackles with which ignorance and pedantry would confine the true spirit of romantic genius—so free from the mannerisms of the composers who preceded him—that they stand apart from all others. Before making a few observations on their general construction, we shall first let Beethoven speak for himself, in the words of a contemporary's translations, from 'Goethe's Correspondence,' and afterwards subjoin some few thoughts which have occurred to us respecting the composer's style. During an interview with which Beethoven honoured Bettine Bretano, the niece of Wieland, and who was subsequently united to the poet Von Arnim, he is reported to have said,—“Goethe's poems exercise a vast power over me, not merely by the meaning they contain, but by their rhythm as well:—I become disposed and urged to composition by this language, which, as if by a spiritual influence, ascends to the forms of a higher order of arrangement, and already contains in itself the mystery of harmonies. Then, as it were, from a central point of inspiration, I must evolve the melody on all sides—I follow it, and eagerly recall it again; I see it escape and vanish amidst the multitude of different impulses that start up,—again I seize upon it with renewed passion—I cannot part with it—I must multiply it in every form of modulation with quick rapture—and at the last moment I obtain triumphant mastery over the first musical thought—observe,—now, that is a symphony. . . . . Music is a higher revelation than all this world's wisdom and philosophy:—it is the wine which inspires new creations; and I am the Bacchus that crushes out this noble juice for mankind, and makes their spirit drunk; and when they are sobered again,—then you see what a world of things they have fished up, to bring back with them to dry land again. I have no friend: I must needs live alone with myself; *but I well know that God is nearer me in my art than others: I commune with him without fear: evermore have I acknowledged and understood him; and I am not fearful concerning my music—no evil fate can befall it;—and he to whom it is become intelligible, must become free from all the paltriness that the others*

drag about with them." This extraordinary instance of enthusiasm reminds us of a passage in one of Mozart's letters to his mother, in which he says, he daily poured forth his soul to the Almighty, to endow him with such a power and inspiration in his compositions, that he might be able to bring greater honour to Germany. He appears also to have had about the same opinion of the Parisians as Beethoven had of the Viennese. In a letter written from Paris, after describing the mortifications he experienced—his music indifferently performed, and his ideas misrepresented, he says:—"If I were in a place where the people had ears to hear, hearts to feel,—who only understood and possessed a little taste for music, I should laugh heartily at these things—but, as far as regards music, I am living among mere beasts and cattle." We must conclude this notice, and shall pursue the subject of the construction of Beethoven's compositions hereafter, reminding our readers of the beautiful observation which Mozart addressed to Martini, when forwarding that great contrapuntist a MS. composition for his opinion:—"We live," says he, "in this world to be continually improving, and it is in science and the fine arts especially, that, by communicating our sentiments one to another, we are ever making advances."

### GEMS OF GERMAN CRITICISM.

Translated by WILLIAM J. THOMS.

#### No. 3. MOZART'S REQUIEM.

MOZART'S Requiem, which was performed yesterday, April 25, 1815, in our Singing Academy, (says Zelter) in memory of our lately deceased Director Frisch, went off as regularly as a wound-up watch. The Crown Prince, with the whole of the Court, and the Council of Public Instruction, and the Members of the Academies of Science and Philosophy, were present. To give due effect to this musical solemnity, Church, Altar, Catafalk, Mourners, and above all, the service of the Mass itself, are necessary accessories. Of these things, however, there were none, for we enjoyed our music like good bread, without meat. The Hall of our Academy, which is certainly neither large nor lofty enough to accommodate five hundred persons, was doubly in want of these things; yet it's being lighted, not only by the day, but by three hundred wax tapers, produced a sort of half-effect, which told very well. The place of the Catafalk was supplied by the bust of him whom we had met to honor; in the place of the mourners, friendship and gratitude appeared and performed mass; that is to say, Schadow spoke of the merits of the artist, and I joined to his discourse the few words which I have added to this letter. By this means, the music was divided into two parts, whereby an agreeable variety was produced. I felt so confident as to the performance of the music, and of my well-pleased associates, that I directed my attention to the auditory, and my delight consisted in rejoicing most heartily at their devotion and benevolent disposition, which went yet far beyond the music. Our Crown

Prince, a frank, free-spirited youth, delighted me by his approbation, because he had told me some time before, 'he could not make much of Mozart's Requiem.' He came directly up to me, and said, 'Good music must be heard often, and not only often but well, otherwise we learn *not* to hear it.' Upon these pleasant words, I took upon myself to show my satisfaction, by replying, 'that what is good lies neither so deep nor so concealed, but that a worthy enquirer would be always sure to discover it.'

He praised my discourse for its brevity, and because in it I had mentioned Frederick the Great: 'has he not lived like us?' 'Better,' said I; whereupon he went cheerfully away.

[The postscript of Zelter's letter gives the order of this interesting ceremony.]

Mozart's 'Requiem' and 'Dies Iræ,' to the end of the 'Lachrymosa,' Schadow's discourse, and Zelter's continuation of it as follows:

What this distinguished man has been to the Singing Academy, whose objects and purpose he discerned at a very early period, must not be passed over in silence before those, who have this day assembled to do honour to his memory.

Frisch took a decided pleasure in every branch of art. He maintained that no painter (*Bildender Künstler*) ought to be ignorant of music, which he had himself practised in his youth. In his mature years, he employed himself in arranging a table of colours, by means of which a harpsichord of colours (*Farben-clavier*) should be constructed. He considered light and shadow as the extremes of its compass, (*aeussere Stationen*) the intervals between them forming the ground-tones. From the division of these *intervalli* or tones, arose his key-board of colours, which, used melodiously and harmoniously, without imitation of any external object, should prove to the eye what music did to the ear.

After this, Frisch was especially devoted to rhetoric. 'Winkelman,' said he once, 'Winkelman learned German in Italy.'

Before Frisch went to Italy, Berlin had attained a rank in music, which rivalled Dresden and Manheim. The Chamber Music of Frederick the Great, and his Italian Opera, bear witness to their own merits, if we only run over the honoured names of those who had the management of them.

Endowed with these elements, he found in Italy that which will remain Italy's—the universal taste, the living participation, in all art; and so also in music.

What in Berlin and Potsdam offered enjoyment and improvement to a few drawn together into a corner, was there, in churches, theatres, streets, and squares, richly enjoyed; and if the material art was there less deep and serious than in Germany, yet was the general participation in it a true spiritual intercourse, which ought nowhere to be wanting to the arts, since only in this sense can the arts be pronounced improving.

With such notions of universal improvement in art did Frisch return, and at length, as one of the then first Senators of the Academy of Painting, was immediately prepared to grant to the Singing Academy a room near the other arts, which these could hardly spare.

That the Singing Academy have occupied this room for twenty years, that they have used it as their own property, that they have ventured to set up in it, as in a temple, their Household Gods and treasures of art, was *his* work; though the good will of the whole body of the hosts of this mansion is not to be forgotten.

Let us then offer up our thanks to the manes of this noble master and friendly patron of art of every kind; let us strew over his worthy memory the flowers of Parnassus, celebrating the praise of the one Musaget by the glory of the other.

Then followed the remainder of the Requiem, from 'Domine Jesu' to the end.

At length, (says Zelter, in the postscript of his letter of the 10th of August, 1827) the much talked-of score of Mozart's requiem, corrected from the manuscript, has been put into our hands; and we know what we knew before. Since you have the Journal *Cecilia*, it follows that you must be already, acquainted with the bitter-sour twaddle of Gottfried Weber, of Darmstadt, against the authenticity of this posthumous work. He has there maintained that the Requiem may as well not be Mozart's; for even though it were his, still it is the weakest, aye, the most faulty thing, that ever proceeded from the pen of that great man. Enough. That Mozart left the work behind him unfinished; after his death, however, that Süssmayer got hold of it, suppressed Mozart's ideas, and by his completion of it the work has become corrupted, if not poisoned; finally, that the world, after Mozart's death, lives, with regard to this relic, in a wondrous and to be wondered at delusion, which rests on a fictitious origin; and yet no one has had the spirit to bring to light the stains, spots, and defects, of an adulterated work of art. Thus runs Weber's humour.

Now we have been also from our youth upwards in the world; Mozart was born two years before me (1756), and we recollect but too well the circumstances of his death. Mozart, I say, whose productions in a sure school flowed so rapidly from his hands, that he had time left for a hundred things, which he wasted on women and the like, had thereby gone near to spoil his good nature. Thus, also, he arrives at a wife, then at children, and then at such extreme necessity, that he thereby lost rank as a citizen. Laid upon a sick bed, overwhelmed with domestic troubles, tormented, defamed, without friends to help him, he wanted at last the veriest necessities. Some kind-hearted man gave him a commission to execute any work he pleased, as the most delicate way of giving him money. The words of an opera are not ready at hand, and Mozart says—"Then I will write a requiem, which you may perform at my funeral." His weakness increases; spiritual cares approach him, and during his serious and solitary self-examination, certain beginnings of individual parts of the requiem develop themselves, (as thou hast once shown us so truly in your 'Gretchen') *Dies iræ—Tuba mirum—Rex tremenda—Confutatis—Lacrimosa*—and it is precisely these very pieces which reveal the heartiest contrition of a religious feeling; and at the same time, on the one hand, the last relics of a mighty school, and, on the other hand, the passionate sense of a theatrical composer. The style is thus mixed, dissimilar, even fragmentary, and thus arises that confusion so pleasing to the criticism of the present day. Thus at that time ran the tradition, but no kind-hearted man cared to speak of it aloud.

After Mozart's death, the kind Süssmayer stepped forward, put the requiem together, supplied its deficiencies, and, by that means, afforded a means of relieving the necessities of the suffering family. The work was sold, printed; and Süssmayr explained, as far as he was able, his share in the work; and shortly after followed his friend into eternity.



And this jackass whom I have named above, comes forward, accuses a friend of falsifying and lies, and speaks in most contemptuous terms of this well-meaning friend, and, without offering any certain criterion as to what assuredly belongs to Mozart, and what to Süssmayr, ascribes to Süssmayr what he certainly could not have written, and *vice versa*. Without considering that if an accomplished man is put upon his metal, he can very well come up to the *Dormitat Homerus*. And this has happened. The *Benedictus* is most remarkable, and yet it cannot be Mozart's, the style is so very different. Süssmayr knew Mozart's style, but he had not been brought up in it—had not used it in his youth, and of this there are traces to be found scattered over the beautiful *Benedictus*. Whatsoever, on the contrary, is found fault with in Mozart's work, is attributed to Süssmayr. Thus the critic declares, that the first piece in the requiem having been borrowed from Handel, cannot be Mozart's, although Mozart often, and without thinking of denying it, tried his hand at Handel's style, in order to satisfy himself as to his capability in it. In this piece, besides the choral song, there is also a *Cantus firmus*, and, moreover, an old melody—and just guess which. It is the simple melody, (how comes the 'Magnificat anima mea' in a requiem) in short it is the old *Cantus firmus*—'Meine Seele erhebt den Herrn,' which is to be found in the Lutheran hymn-book to this day. I have already called the work fragmentary—unequal, i.e. the pieces are all good, considered as introduced, but whosoever would examine the work as a perfect whole, would do wrong. And this is the case with many excellent compositions; and out of such fragments arose the perfect requiem, and which is, after all, by far the best that I know of, written in the last century.

Before Mozart looked about in the north of Germany, Handel may have appeared to him the most mighty German genius; some of his pieces are inscribed, '*Nel stilo di Haendel*.' However, Mozart came to Leipsic during Hiller's lifetime, and pricked up his ears at Sebastian Bach, to Hiller's great astonishment, who sought to inspire him with horror against the crudities of this Sebastian. What does Mozart? He attempts this style with a success, which such a school can alone give. Just examine the song of the black men in *Zauberflöte*. It is introduced: it is the Lutheran chorale, 'Wenn wir in höchsten Nothen,' combined with the orchestra after Bach's manner.

#### THEATRES.

**DRURY LANE.**—Madame de Beriot commenced her engagement on Monday evening in the *Sonnambula*. Her reception was one of the most inspiring scenes ever witnessed in an English theatre; it was quite as vehement, and more unanimous, than some of the famous ones in the early days of Kean's career. The whole pit rose to her, and, for a considerable time, she was unable to proceed. The audience, as if to shew that they could appreciate real genius as well as the Milanese or lively Neapolitans, called her forward at the end of each act in the opera. No difference is perceptible in her voice; very little in her person—perhaps she is somewhat thinner. Although she had both a cold and cough, her skill and astonishing energy succeeded in veiling the disadvantage under which she laboured. Without making invidious comparisons, no singer we have ever seen can be put in competition with her for genius in *acting*—Pasta and Schroeder possibly excepted;—as a *vocalist*, combining all the qualifications of compass, accomplishment, various style, execution, and expression, she has no rival—at least, that we have heard. In short, she is the very personification of High vocal art. Almost all other singers are the reflexes of foregone luminaries; Madame de Beriot is the centre of her own system; she stands alone, and shines by her own—no borrowed light. If she have latterly derived any collateral advantages, it may be from the accomplished playing of her husband, who, for *expression* on the violin, ranks next to Paganini.

## CONCERTS.

**VOCAL SOCIETY.**—At the last concert of the season, which was given on Monday evening, the selection did not offer many points of attraction. The quartett and chorus from Winter's 'Stabat Mater,' ('Eja mater') sung by Misses Masson and Hawes, Messrs. Hobbs and Parry, jun.; Weelkes's Madrigal, 'As Vesta;' Cherubini's 'O Salutaris,' sung by Miss Hawes, and Mozart's 'Non temer,' by Miss Masson, were the best performed, and the most applauded pieces of the evening. Mr. Turle conducted: Mr. Dando led the first, and Mr. T. Cooke the second act.

At the SOCIETA ARMONICA on Monday evening, Mozart's Jupiter symphony was played with admirable spirit; as were the overtures to 'Der Freischütz,' 'Guillaume Tell,' and 'Anacreon.' Madame Grisi sang the 'Di piacer;' and Lablache, in the very grandest style, 'Va sbramando,' from the 'Faust.' His conception and embodying of the character of this fine music, are alone worth a journey to hear. A trio by Brod, for the piano, oboe, and bassoon, played by Messrs. Forbes, Barrèt, and Baumann, was as deservedly, as it was warmly, applauded. Barrèt possesses a charming tone and execution; inferior, however, in quality, to old Griesbach. Baumann is the best bassoon player we ever heard, with the exception of Preymeyer, in the King of Sweden's band, who was over here a few seasons ago, and played a concerto at the Philharmonic: but Mr. Baumann has not so pure a quality of tone as either, or Messrs. Mackintosh or Denman: nevertheless, he is an excellent orchestra player. Mr. Richardson, on the flute, played a composition by Nicholson—and one highly creditable to his talent, that procured for the performer a very animated applause. Miss Birch sang very well a thing of Pacini's.

MR. J. B. SALE'S Annual Morning Concert, on Friday last, was graced by the presence of his Royal pupil, the Princess Victoria, the Duchess of Kent, and of a numerous and fashionable auditory. The performances commenced with Beethoven's Overture to 'Egmont,' which was very finely played. This was followed by Purcell's 'Come unto these yellow sands,' by Mrs. W. Knyvett; and this by Smith's (not Purcell's) 'Full fathom five,' which displayed Miss Hawes' voice to great advantage. Mozart's magnificent Cantata, 'Non temer,' was warbled forth with great taste and sweetness by Miss Clara Novello, the obligato piano-forte accompaniment to it being executed by Miss Sophia Sale, in a style which had the high merit of awakening in the hearers recollections of J. B. Cramer. Phillips sang 'Haste thee nymph,' in his usual racey manner; and rousing a kindred spirit of mirth among his auditors, was called upon to repeat his joyous invocation. A selection from the 'Creation,' the solo parts by Miss Clara Novello, Messrs. Hobbs, Phillips, and Sale, formed an admirable finale to the first Act. Among the concerted pieces, Dr. Cooke's charming Madrigal, 'In the merry month of May,' by Miss Clara Novello, Messrs. Terrail, Vaughan, and Sale; and Callcott's Glee, 'Queen of the valley,' by Miss Hawes, Messrs. Vaughan, Hobbs, Phillips, and Sale, shone conspicuously, and were indeed beautiful specimens of this peculiarly English style of music. The selection, with the exception of a Cavatina by Madame Caradori, one by Ivanhoff, and a duo by the two, was entirely made from the works of the English and German schools,—M. Laporte's monopolizing spirit, which refused Mr. Sale the assistance of M<sup>de</sup>. G. Grisi and the Corps Opératique, unless he not only paid for, but actually used, the Opera Concert Room, having prevented the introduction of much Italian music. Mr. Sale however, not only for his own sake, but for that of the English profession generally, resisted M. Laporte's attempt to controul him; and, as the result proved, with the greatest success; for as we have already observed, the room was both numerously and fashionably attended. The thanks of the profession are due to him, for having done so; and no less

due to the Duchess of Kent, for the decided support and encouragement which she has afforded, not to Mr. Sale only, but to the whole body of English musicians, when she refused to lend her aid to this vain and injudicious attempt, on the part of M. Laporte, to bring the Opera Concert Room into fashion.

Of Miss MEYER'S CONCERT, which she gave on the Wednesday evening in last week, at the Argyle Rooms, we are not able to speak personally, having been elsewhere professionally engaged. We hear, however, that the young lady's audience was very numerous, and that her own performance, together with the general selection, gave full satisfaction.

MADAME DULCKEN'S MORNING CONCERT—which was given last Monday, was fully and fashionably attended. The lady's own performances were admirable for their brilliancy and energy. In the course of our short career in this 'Musical Microcosm,' we have had occasion to speak in warm terms of Madame Dulcken's talent as a pianist; so that, upon the present occasion, we have no fresh observation to offer upon her playing, unless it be to urge her, upon every occasion when performing in public, to select such compositions as *she knows* to be calculated to advance the dignity of musical science. It is for professors of acknowledged eminence to *lead* the public; who, if ever they were to be led in the "way that they should go," it is at the present juncture, when their perceptions are distinctly developing, and manifesting a desire to appreciate that which is classically correct, as well as beautiful, in the science. Possessing the same capabilities with Madame Dulcken, we would, if possible, never play to a public audience (and which she did with admirable expression) a composition inferior in merit to Weber's 'Concertstück.' She knows the intent of this observation—no one better:—and so we would say to every professor, who holds that the advancement of his art is a higher thing than the compromise of its best interests, by countenancing charlatanerie, under any form, Madame Dulcken was assisted by Mons. de Beriot, Madame Crisi, Signors. Rubini, Tamburini, Lablache; Mrs. Bishop, Miss Clara Novello, and Mr. Balfe.—Want of room prevents our noticing the last Ancient, and Madame Caradori's Concerts. Both were good, and the latter was a bumper.

#### *To the Editor of the Musical World.*

SIR—As a country musician, I shall be much obliged by your informing me, whether the "Society of British Musicians," a notice of which has already appeared in your valuable work, include in the number of its members the names of any *provincial artists*, or whether it be confined to the *metropolitan professors* exclusively.

If the latter be the state of the case, I beg leave to suggest that the name chosen is not strictly and properly applicable to the Society, but that it should rather be called the "Society of London Musicians."—I am, &c.     ? ? ?

The best answer we can give to the above is to copy the *first law* of the Society.

"That this Society shall consist of a number of Members not exceeding 350, male and females; the former must have obtained the age of 17, and the latter of 15 years: such being professors of music, and *Natives of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland.*"

#### REVIEW OF MUSIC.

'*Gently glides our bark.*' *Fairy boat glee for 3 voices, written and composed by Fred. Wm. Horncastle.* (37, Norton Street.)

When we reflect upon the exquisite trumpery in the shape of 'boat glees' that have careered upon the musical trade stream, the present trifle commands a respectable station. The solo movement in the second part, is extremely pretty; and the harmonies throughout are agreeable and correct.

"Oh! my own native land!" Song written by the Rev. Henry Butterfield composed by J. W. Hobbs. T. E. PURDAY.

A graceful melody, and nicely accompanied. The only objection we have to make is to be found in the accompaniment of the 3rd bar of the 3rd stave, page 2, which is harsh, and can be resolved upon no principle that we can discover. The phrase, however, which immediately succeeds it, is extremely pretty.

*The admired bolero, The Bridegroom's return, "Ouvrez, ouvrez," arranged as a rondo for the Piano-Forte by J. Moscheles.* MORI.

The introduction, fanciful, elegant, and original. The subject delightfully treated, all the best features of the original melody being seized and turned to advantage. The whole composition is a brilliant and valuable exercise.

*Souvenirs des Concerts. A fantasia for the Piano-Forte, composed by J. Moscheles.* MORI.

Succeeding the introduction, Mr. Moscheles has taken a subject from Marliani ('Sperava in giorno'); and, like a superior musician, has improved upon his model. His second subject is the pastoral movement which precedes the storm in Beethoven's symphony; introduced in a masterly way. An air by Donizetti, "No, no che infelice," follows; and we are treated in the conclusion with a flourish *à la Herz*. This piece bears the very complexion of popularity.

"Signal fires," a song written and composed by THE WIFE OF A DISTRESSED CLERGYMAN. WILLIS.

The simple circumstance of the Archbishop of Canterbury's lady (an accomplished theorist) having subscribed for 300 copies of this song, will of itself obviate any critical remarks we might otherwise feel called upon to offer respecting its simple and affecting beauty.

*First grand Concerto for the Piano-Forte, with full Orchestral and Quartett Accompaniments, as performed by the Author at the Concerts of the British Society of Musicians. Composed by Henry Charles Litolf.* WELSH.

The first movement of this concerto (in D minor) is based upon a subject of a charming character; and which the author keeps constantly in view: every variation and expansion of his thoughts are perfectly consistent throughout, and constantly bear upon the main idea. At the close of it, is a cleverly constructed canon, that especially gratified us. The andante is excellently worked upon a sweet and truly original motivo; and the finale (quite as novel a subject as either of the preceding) is full of spirit, energy, and sound thought. Again, every passage here bears a reference to the subject; and none are written for mere difficulty's sake, but all are rational and reflective. To sum up our opinion at once, we esteem this a very masterly composition.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

ENGLISH SINGERS.—There is an intention of getting up operas in Paris, to be performed by our own singers. Miss Shireff, with some others, are said to have been applied to.

MR. & MRS. WOOD are returning from America, where they have reaped a good harvest. They will make a tour through the country, and then retire with competence to the comforts of private life.

HENRI HERZ has invented a machine for facilitating the progress of amateurs on the piano. The instrument is small, and easily adjusted. It is stated that one hour's practice with the *dactylion* is equal to four according to the old method.—*Morning Post*.

OLE-BULL, of Norway, the celebrated violinist, has arrived from Paris, and intends giving a series of Concerts. His rehearsal took place yesterday. The principal feature in his playing lies in producing novel effects upon the instrument. The Parisians, who exist by wondering, say that he produces five sounds upon four strings. He really is a prodigy.

MR. BARNETT, who is residing in Paris, has set, as a glee, the well-known epitaph on Shakspeare's tomb, and sent it over to the Vocal Society. He has also written two instrumental pieces, a quartett and a symphony, called the "Hypochondriac," which are to be performed at the British Musicians' Society.

MR. MOSCHELES, who is a great admirer of Sebastian Bach, intends, as we learn from the *Morning Post*, to play one of that great musician's MS. concertos at his concert, in which a variety of passages occur from which many of the modern admired phrases must have derived their origin. As Mr. Moscheles is about to break the ice, we trust that the works of this immortal author will not be allowed to slumber on the dusty shelves of the antiquarian amateur. Are there none of Bach's church compositions in the library belonging to the Concerts of Ancient Music? Mr. Knyvett might look to this. Bach died in 1750, aged 66.

DR. CROTCH's Oratorio of the 'Captivity of Judah' will be performed, for the first time in London, at Mr. Vaughan's Concert.

AN OPERA OF NO NOTE.—Some time since an itinerant company of players appeared at Lucey in France and announced their intention of delighting its inhabitants with "La Dame Blanche," the piece written by Scribe, the music composed by Boieldieu, so said the 'Affiches' in letter of Colossal dimensions. The good people of the town in their joy at this announcement, never troubled themselves to read any part of the Bill save and except those obtrusive yet welcome capitals. Had they done so, they would have been spared the mortification they experienced when on crowding to the Theatre, they found the Opera was to be played with the trifling omission of 'all the music.' They murmured and referred to their play-bills and then for the first time discovered that the gigantic announcement before alluded to was followed by a single line in the smallest possible type, stating that by particular desire the music would be omitted and its place supplied by a lively dialogue. This parallel to the well known case of 'Hamlet, with the omission of the character of the Prince of Denmark,' has caused a hearty laugh against the citizens of Lucey, who have been advised in future, always to put on their spectacles when they read a play-bill.

GLEE CLUB.—The prizes offered by this Club were awarded on Saturday. Mr. Hawes won the first prize. His glee was sung by Messrs. Terrail, King, Elliott, and Bellamy; and Mr. T. Cooke won the second. His composition was sung by Messrs. Terrail, Cooke, Elliott, and Bellamy. John Capel, Esq. presided. The prizes for the cheerful glees will be awarded on the 14th inst. —*Morning Post*.

Mdlle. Francilla Pixis, the daughter of the celebrated composer, is the favourite singer in Germany, at present. After the most brilliant success at Berlin, she is now performing at Hamburgh, where she is exciting the greatest enthusiasm. She is, we are informed, to visit Paris and London. A singer of the highest gifts, with a German education, will be able, we trust, to convince even the *habitues* of the King's Theatre, that there are better things than the *Straniera* and *Puritani*.—*Chronicle*.

THALBERG is, we hear, to perform at the Philharmonic Concert next Monday. His style is described to be perfectly original; and that in execution he rivals, if not exceeds, the most celebrated of the modern pianists. He proposes to play entirely solo, in order that the audience may the more fully appreciate his manner. Eight years ago, he took lessons in this country of Mr. Moscheles.

**MELODISTS.**—This social club held its fourth meeting on the 28th ult., Lord Saltoun in the chair; when a variety of songs, duets, glees, &c. were sung by Messrs. T. Cooke, Bellamy, E. Taylor, Hawkins, Parry, Parry Jun., Blewitt, Collyer, Machin, King, Robinson, &c. Puzzi played a solo on the horn excellently; W. S. Bennett also performed a fantasia of Mendelssohn's on the piano-forte admirably; as did Richardson a solo on the flute, and Grattan Cooke on the oboe. In the course of the evening, Mr. Parry Jun. gave a parody on the incantation scene in *Der Freyschütz*, accompanying himself on the piano-forte, which afforded great amusement to the company. The prize for the best approved song will be awarded in June.

**THE NATIONAL MUSIC HALL.**—The musical public cannot but contemplate with satisfaction the proposed establishment of a company, whose object is to erect a building, upon a scale of grandeur hitherto unattempted in this country, for the performance of the orchestral works of the great masters. The social practice of classical music in domestic parties, (so continually recurring and increasing) is doing much towards advancing the interest of the science; but nothing will so surely aggravate the impetus it has of late years received, and lift it into eminence and dignity, as the carrying out in their fullest extent, the objects proposed by this Company. One of these is, that the great Hall shall be so constructed, as to accommodate 6000 auditors, and an orchestra of 1200 performers. Should this be accomplished, we shall possess the facilities of hearing the fine *secular* as well as sacred compositions of the great writers performed as they deserve to be, of which no chance exists at present in London. Think of 'Wretched Lovers,' and 'Let old Timotheus,' with such a band!

#### WHIP-POOR-WILL.—SONG.

The moonlight sleepeth on the sea;  
 The night-wind slumb'reth on the hill;  
 The cattle in the misty lea  
 Are all reposing tranquilly;—  
 All are at peace—all take their fill  
 Of rest, save the lorn heart of "Whip-poor-Will."  
 On him the honey dew of sleep  
 Its gentle balm doth ne'er distil;  
 But he is doom'd to mourn and weep,  
 From night to night, the sorrows deep  
 Of those, whose groans and anguish fill  
 The tyrant's purse.—Poor "Whip-poor-Will!"  
 And he in morning life was parted  
 From all he lov'd, to go and till  
 The stranger's soil; and while he smarted  
 With grief and rage, died broken-hearted:  
 And now he sings by moonlight rill,  
 "Sleep, sleep worn ghost of Whip-poor-Will."

1833.

CHARLES COWDEN CLARKE.

[“Whip-poor-Will,” and ‘Willy come go,’ are the shades of those poor African and Indian slaves, who died worn out and broken-hearted. They wail and cry, ‘Whip-poor-Will,’ and ‘Willy-come-go,’ all night long: and often, when the moon shines, you see them sitting on the green turf, near the houses of those whose ancestors tore them from the bosoms of their helpless families, which all probably perished through grief and want, after their support was gone.”—*Waterton's Wanderings*, 4to, p. 17.]

*Operas, Concerts, &c. during the Week.*

SATURDAY....Opera. Miss Pelzer's Concert, Hanover Square, Evening.  
 MONDAY.....Sixth Philharmonic, Hanover Square, Evening.  
 TUESDAY ....Signor Sagrini's, Hanover Square, Morning. Opera.  
 WEDNESDAY..Mr. Moscheles, King's Theatre, Morning. Fifth Ancient Concert, Hanover Square, Evening.  
 THURSDAY ..Mr. Chatterton's, Hanover Square, Morning. Mlle. Ostergaard's, Willis's Rooms, Morning. Opera.  
 FRIDAY .....Mrs. Anderson's, Hanover Square, Morning. Kellner's Soirée Musicale, Hanover Square.

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*Erratum.*—In No. VI. p. 57, Article "Baumgarten," read *two* violins, instead of *five*.

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## WEEKLY LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

## PIANO-FORTE.

BURGMÜLLER'S *Délices de l'Opéra Italien*. Bellini. Marche de Norma, Polacca de Bianca, Fantaisie sur Beatrice, Cavatina de Capuletti, Capriccio sur La Straniera, Bolero sur la Cavatina del Pirata.....COCKS  
 — Souvenirs de Bellini. Duetto de Norma, Cavatina de Beatrice, Air de La Straniera, &c...DITTO  
 Bayret's Irish Quadrilles.....WILLIS  
 Czerny's Rondino.....COVENTRY  
 — Toccata.....DITTO  
 — Introduction and Vars. on Suoni la Tromba...CRAMER  
 Fidelio, Beethoven's, Overture to PLATTS  
 Himmel's Alexis. J. Warren...FALKNER  
 Hummel's Deux Airs de Ballet, No. 2.....COVENTRY  
 L'Ecole de Bellini. Fantasia Z. T. PURDAY  
 Mozart's Works. By Cip. Potter, No. 1.....COVENTRY  
 Mélange from Beatrice. By G. F. Harris.....Z. T. PURDAY  
 Neate's Carillons, Characteristic Rondo.....CRAMER  
 Poole's Popular Airs, (Easy) Set 2 Z. T. PURDAY  
 Romberg's Overture, Op. 60, with Accompaniments by Rimbault...DITTO  
 Schmitt's Variations on Le Petit Matelot.....COVENTRY  
 Siege of Rochelle, Duett from, containing: Lo, the early beam, Once a wolf, The Prayer, and Travellers all.....CRAMER  
 Truzzi's Beatrice, Duett, Book 2 CHAPPELL  
 Watts's Characteristic Piano-forte Duett, from Rossini's Eight Songs and Four Duett, Books 1 and 2.....WILLIS  
 Weippert's Walzes. Beatrice...CHAPPELL  
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 — L'Echo des Valses, Set 2 Z. T. PURDAY

## SONGS.

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My very particular friend. Miss Sheridan.....DEAN  
 No ne'er can thy home be mine. T. H. Bayly.....LONSDALE  
 O say not Donald's false Blewett Z. T. PURDAY  
 O call me not happy.....WILLIS  
 O 'tis sweet to remember. Lover DUFF  
 Recall that withering word. J. Barnett.....CHAPPELL  
 She stood beside the altar. Words, Mrs. Hemans. Music, Griffin WYBROW  
 The world is my toast. G. Müller EWER  
 The Swiss Exile's lament.....HOLLOWAY  
 The summer moon is shining....DITTO  
 The appeal song. Macd. Harris FALKNER  
 The Blarney. Lover.....DUFF  
 You and I. J. Blewett.....WARNE

## SACRED.

The glory of the latter day. Missionary Anthem. W. Bird.....HART

## GUITAR.

Dormez, chers amours.....CHAPPELL  
 La danse.....DITTO  
 Mes Favorites, Twelve Airs. Horetzky.....Z. T. PURDAY

## FOREIGN.

Io son ricco. C. M. Sola.....FALKNER  
 Quando canto la sera. Serenata. Dessauer.....BOOSEY

## MISCELLANEOUS.

Berbiguier, Reminiscences of, Book 1, Flute and Piano-forte. A. C. Whitcombe.....PAINE  
 Beatrice, Airs from, arranged for Harp, No. 2. W. H. Steil.....DITTO  
 Merck, Op. 11, Exercises for Violoncello Solo.....WESSEL  
 Reissiger, Op. 29, First Quartett, Piano-forte, Violin, Tenor, and Violoncello.....WESSEL  
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By order of the Committee,  
JAMES ASHTON, Secretary.

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